The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

FRIDAY, EVENING, JUNE 28.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION
(Including Postage.)
PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,174

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., NEW YORK.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW SERIAL.

"BLIND LOVE,"

will be printed in THE SUNDAY WORLD, beginning next Sunday. This is a Modern Story with scenes laid in Ireland.

Readers of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," and other marvellous productions from Wilkie Collins's pen will be certain to read

"BLIND LOVE."

Begin with the beginning. Remember that this story will be published EXCLUSIVELY in America in the NEW YORK SUNDAY WORLD.

THE ROBBERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Since the organization of the Sugar Trust the retail price of sugar—a necessity of the people—has been raised 40 per cent.

The estimated profit of the Sugar Trust for the first five months of this year is $8,330,000.

What evidence, what rhetoric, what denunciation could be more damning than these figures?

Is there no limit to the patience of the plundered people?

A highwayman is sent behind the bars for stealing a few dollars from an individual.

The Sugar Trust manipulators are pilfering the whole public of millions upon millions.

Their scheme is, to all intents and purposes, a gigantic robbery of the people, in defiance of the anti-conspiracy principles of the common law.

Who will bring these big sugar thieves to justice?

THE CHILDREN'S CHARITY.

A very pleasing feature of the Free Doctors' Fund for the sick babies of the tenements is the widespread interest taken in it by the children of the metropolis. More than one-half of the total number of contributors thus far have been boys and girls.

Nothing could be more appropriate than that the children of the well-to-do should thus reach out the hand of charity to succor and relieve the suffering children of the poor.

We hope the children of the metropolis will keep on in their good work. Every dollar and every dime will help extend the circle of this eminently practical and beneficent charity. The sweltering days of midsummer are close at hand, and the fund should boom from this time on.

Let the children help the children.

Everybody who has Read "THE MOONSTONE" will begin WILKIE COLLINS'S Latest Thrilling Romance, "BLIND LOVE," with the Opening Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Child-Widows of India for the SUNDAY WORLD.

Perfect in Physiology.
[From the New York Weekly.]

Anxious Mamma—Why, my dear, you look sick.

Daughter (a schoolgirl)—I feel awful sick. I missed all my lessons to-day except the physiology. I'm always perfect in physiology. Oh, dear, I feel awful!

"Why, what can be the matter? Have you eaten anything unusual?"

"Only that two-pound box of candy uncle sent me this morning."

A TYRANT TRUST.

Sugar's Cost Again Raised by the Mighty Combination.

Not a Half-Cent but Three Cents a Pound Tax on the Poor.

Forty Per Cent. Increase in Price Since the Trust Got Its Grip.

The rapid and persistent advance in the price of refined sugar is being sorely felt by the poorer class of people, and the question being asked is, When will the Trust call a halt?

When the Sugar Trust was formed in October, 1887, there were loud cries made against it, because it proposed to advance the price of sugars about a half cent a pound.

But despite the storm of popular indignation, prices were raised, and they have been going up higher and higher ever since.

In the early Fall of 1887, before the Trust was organized, the average retail price of granulated sugar was about 7 cents a pound.

Now it ranges all the way from 9½ cents to 10 cents, a majority of retailers charging the latter price.

This unheard-of advance is due not only to the machinations of the Trust, but to the action of the wholesale grocers as well.

The representatives of the large wholesale houses met last Spring and concluded to charge a quarter of a cent additional over the refiner's prices for "handling," as they put it, they having declared that they were handling that staple at a loss.

"Why, it's downright robbery," said a retail grocer, who keeps himself well-informed of the doings of the Trust. "Here they are, piling up millions upon millions, and yet they keep right on putting the price up higher all the time.

"Take the statement in the weekly circular, for instance. It shows that in the first five months of this year the Sugar Trust made a total net profit of $8,230,000.

"Five dividends amounting to 10 per cent. were paid on Trust certificates in 1888, and thus far in 1889 a dividend of 2½ per cent. has been paid, with an extra stock dividend of 8 per cent.

"Trust certificates have become a favorite way to invest one's money because of the immense profit they yield.

"Of course people who invest their money this way don't care how the immense profits are gained; they do not stop to think that it is obtained by taking the bread from the mouths of the poor, or if they do they haven't got the heart to care."

The figures given by the retailers are correct. From $110, the quotation for certificates in March, the quotation has jumped to $120, and conservative speculators admit that they would not be surprised if they went to $150 before the year is out.

These figures are merely given to show how heartless millionaires can combine and grasp the money of the poor people in defiance of all laws.

Of course the members of the Trust have an excuse for raising prices. They say that the advance in refined sugar is entirely due to the unprecedented advance in the price of raw material, and not due in any way to a conspiracy to raise prices.

It is known, however, that the Trust refineries have held a vast amount of raw sugar for a long while.

Before the boom started the managers of the Trust saw what was coming, and they bought up all the raw material that they could lay their hands on.

"Suppose they did hold a lot of raw material?" said a sugar broker, this morning; "they had the foresight to see what was coming, and merely protected themselves by buying in large lots. They are entitled to all they make, as it shows their business shrewdness."

The man with a large family to support who is working for $1.50 or $2 a day, however, will doubtless disagree with the broker's ideas.

A far estimate of the financial standing of the Sugar Trust is made in the *Statistical*, a weekly circular devoted to the sugar trade, in its latest issue. It says:

The names of the separate companies comprising the "Trust," and the capital stock is known by the evidence taken before the State Investigating Committee and from other sources.

This capital is limited to about $50,000,000. This entire amount was not paid to the stockholders of the refineries taken into the "Trust," but an amount remained in the treasury, 8 per cent. of which was given to certificate holders in April, and a small amount yet remains to be distributed.

Against this $50,000,000 certificates the "Trust" have fourteen working, besides five closed, refineries in New York and vicinity, Boston, New Orleans, St. Louis and San Francisco—say all the refineries in the United States except four in Philadelphia, one in Boston and one in San Francisco.

The total value of these "Trust" refineries, with the improvements added since the "Trust" took possession, and independent of their earning value, should be at least $20,000,000.

From the business of the year 1888 the "Trust" have a surplus of nearly $10,000,000 cash, after payment of dividends, and from the business of 1889 to the present time they should have when liquidated, $13,000,000 net cash profit—say a total of $23,000,000 cash surplus, which, added to $20,000,000 money value of plants, gives a total of $43,000,000 assets.

A moderate estimate of profits for remainder of year would give them a total of $50,000,000, or $100 per certificate, even if the Trust should be liquidated at that time, which is not a supposable case. Years may probably elapse before their business can be seriously interrupted, if ever.

The "Trust" does not seem to be in the least alarmed by the recent set-back it received by the order of the Supreme Court revoking the charter of the North River Sugar Refining Company.

Everybody who has Read "THE WOMAN IN WHITE" will begin WILKIE COLLINS'S Latest Thrilling Romance, "BLIND LOVE," with the Opening Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Child-Widows of India for the SUNDAY WORLD.

Merit Appreciated.
[From Puck.]

De Clare—I say, the residents of Suburbville are not civilized. Why, when Harry de Fyance went out there the other day they attacked him in the street like madmen without any provocation whatever. They battered his new silk hat, ruined that sack suit he——

De Smythe—These people are in the vanguard of civilization, sir.

WOMEN AND CRIME.

Inspector Byrnes Tells Nellie Bly Some Remarkable Things.

He Says There's a Female in Every Crime.

And that She's "the Finest Tag that Can Be Put on a Criminal's Shoulders."

There are very few persons in the world who haven't imagined they were especially fitted to fill one of three positions. If they did not want to be actors they longed to be writers, and if they did not want to be writers they hungered to be detectives. Do you not know among your acquaintances several who are positive that they possess great dramatic ability, which the world would recognize if they could only secure an opening? And don't you know several more who are positive they would startle the literary world by their genius if editors were not so mean and would only print their productions? And haven't you other acquaintances who could have solved the Whitechapel mystery and cleared up the Cronin case in twenty-four hours if they had only the chance?

I have known many such persons, and I think the less chance for an opening they get the greater happiness they have. I know one woman, short, fat, ugly, black, forty-five and gray, who imagines herself a second Charlotte Cushman. Every Summer she inserts an advertisement in the newspapers to the effect that "a beautiful, prepossessing young star, of great dramatic ability, wants a manager with $5,000; can make $20,000 in six months." And there is another woman who never reads of anything, from a bank robbery or murder down to a lost pug dog, who does not think she could solve the mystery if some one would only recommend her to some detective bureau.

I decided to consult Inspector Byrnes, who has more experience with would-be detectives than any one else in New York, as to what chance there is on his force for women.

"Tell me," I said, "have you many applications from women who wish to become detectives?"

"I average two or three a week," he said, as he rested his elbow on the desk and toyed with a penholder. "How do I get them? In person and by letter. The strangest part of it is that not one woman out of fifty is a New Yorker."

"What class of women are they?"

"That I cannot say positively. There are two classes to which they do not belong—the very rich and the bad. They are always dressed well and seem educated. I think they are mostly women who live at some distance from New York, and who have nothing to do but read fictitious stories in which some wonderful female detective figures or police stories of some capture, and they dream over them until they become possessed with the idea that they are cunning and they want a chance to show it."

"Do they expect to make money by it?"

"I don't think they do. They offer to work for nothing or anything, if I will only give them a trial. They all think they have the natural intuition and ability to accomplish a great deal."

WOMEN CANNOT KEEP SECRETS.

"Do you ever give any of them any work?"

"I never do. I never want to offend the ladies, of course," said the Inspector, as he idly twirled my parasol like a top, "so when they urge me to give them 'just one trial, now do,' I always say there are reasons why I cannot. That's all you have to do. Just touch a woman's curious chord and you get no peace until she is satisfied on that score. Women can't keep a secret. There was a clever woman in here the other day—a well-dressed, handsome woman—and she said, 'Now, Inspector, why won't you employ a woman?' 'Because,' I told her, 'no woman with a husband or sweetheart can keep a secret.' 'Then I am just the one you want,' she said, springing to her feet; 'my husband is dead and my heart is in the grave,' and the Inspector laughed heartily at the recollection.

"But that is true," he continued gravely; "no woman can keep a secret. If she has a husband or sweetheart she wants to show how much she trusts him by sharing the secret. When I do employ a woman, if possible, I put her to work without telling her anything about the case, or if that is impossible, and she must be told, I always put some one on to shadow the woman while she is working. I never knew a woman I could trust in such affairs. We don't need women in this office. There never was a case in which it was positively necessary to have the aid of a woman, and yet we never have a case that a woman does not figure in and help us to a very large extent."

"I don't understand," I said, as the Inspector watched to see the effect of his words.

"You know the old saying that in every case there is a woman at the bottom of it? Well, if a woman isn't at the bottom of it she is always in it. The first thing we do when we want to find a criminal is to find the woman. We search out his wife or sweetheart and devote our attention to her. They are the finest tag that can be on a criminal's shoulders. Unknowingly they give us all the pointers for our work. There isn't a man who gets into trouble but has some woman he loves, and if he makes his escape, sure enough the longing to communicate with the one he loves is a thing he cannot conquer. In some way he sends her a message, and then we have him. If she's his wife she will stick to him till death and sacrifice everything to aid him. But her devotion only brings him nearer to the clutches of the law, for we know every move she makes. If she is his sweetheart she has tenderness enough in her to remember how he has cared for her and offers him the consolation he seeks, so in either case the woman unknowingly helps us capture our man.

BETRAYING THEIR LOVERS.

"A woman is a mill-stone around a thief's neck," said the Inspector. "Why? Because he will take longer chances to see the woman he loves than he will to gamble or drink."

"Then women are of great service to you after all," I said.

"Knowingly, no; unknowingly, yes," replied the Inspector.

"Have you never, in all your experience, known a woman to do good detective work?"

"Well, the woman who helped in the McGloin case did good work, but she did it unknowingly. She was a girl who had gone into an unhappy life and she wished to reform. I heard her story and sent her back to her old mother in the country. Well, the neighbors were very uncharitable, she told me afterwards, and her mother died of a broken heart, and there was nothing left for the girl to do but to drift back to New York, and into her old life. One night I saw three women fighting on the street and I found the one who came off worst was the girl I had sent to the country. I took her up again and got her to meet McGloin. She did not know what for. She told me after he was convicted that if she had known what the result was to be she would not have done it for any consideration. She thought that McGloin knew a thief that I wanted and that I expected to learn his whereabouts through McGloin."

"Why shouldn't a woman make a good detective?"

NEVER SUCCESSFUL AS DETECTIVES.

"A truthful, self-respecting woman can never make a detective," said the Inspector slowly. "Detectives are called upon to do disreputable things which a refined woman could never do. I never knew, as I told you, a woman who was a successful detective. They may be of benefit in society cases—which are run by small private concerns—but then only to destroy a man's or woman's domestic happiness."

"What class of women do you think belong to detective agencies?"

"Well, now," he said, "I think it would be very difficult for a woman to be a good woman and be a professional detective. No good woman will pry into the domestic secrets of others to betray them. I think good women have a gentle, sweet honesty that would prevent them from doing such things. Some of these private agencies are blots on the city. They watch the newspapers and when they see any notices of articles lost or stolen or persons missing, they write to the persons advertising that by calling upon them they can give some information. When the interested persons call they are persuaded to employ the agents, who work, with no result, as long as the victims will pay. I have known of their sending anonymous letters to married people to arouse suspicion and jealousy of each other, and then slip into a paying position of watching the suspected one. I had a woman complain to me once about her jealousy being worked upon till she employed a man to watch her husband. She had no grievances against her husband—only her suspicions were aroused. I sent for the husband, and he confided in me a like story only that he had employed a woman to watch his wife. I got the two detectives, and found they were husband and wife, and had been working to keep the other couple apart so as to give them plenty of money. That is only one case. There are many like it."

Inspector Byrnes is a rather handsome, well-built man. He is 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 180 pounds. His closely-cut brown hair is slightly threaded with gray, and his drooping brown mustache fails to hide the ever-happy and pleasing smile which aids the bluish-gray frank eyes to cheat one into the idea that this man has never know or gazed on the misery and wickedness of the world.

Inspector Byrnes has for twenty-six years been tussling with crime and criminals. He began first as a policeman, "just because he thought it was nice to wear a blue uniform and brass buttons" and get the best of law-breakers, so he says. He was faithful and did good work, and one after another he mounted the rungs of the ladder, for in his business no position can be skipped for one in advance. Eleven years ago he became inspector.

"And I am more green to-day than the day I started," said the Inspector, which means the business has not grown to be an old story to him. "I live in my business. I have no pleasures or vacations; I do not attend places of amusement. I attend to business during every moment of my waking hours, and when I am asleep I dream of it."

THE INSPECTOR'S BUSY LIFE.

Inspector Byrnes has lived at 59 West Ninth street since 1875. He has a pleasant wife and a lovely group of five daughters, bright, interesting and clever children. There is no son to bear the father's name. The Inspector will be forty-seven years old on June 15, but he looks much younger.

Some of the Inspector's most interesting cases have found their way into print. Several years ago he compiled a book entitled "Professional Criminals of America." The book was the most complete thing of its kind ever published. It contained the photographs and history of most well-known criminals in America and has been the means of identifying many of them. After Inspector Byrnes sold the rights of his book to his publisher an effort was made to have a copy of "Professional Criminals of America" given to every American Consul. The Inspector says that American Consuls are frequently victimized by professional criminals, who happen to be away from this country. In some way the movement fell through.

Besides this book Mr. Byrnes, in connection with Mr. Julian Hawthorne, has published five books, among which are "The Great Bank Robbery," "A Tragic Mystery," "The American Penman" and "Another's Crime." The latest work, just published in serial form, is "Sergeant Von," a story of unique series of crimes committed in this country and Europe. This is solely Inspector Byrnes's work.

"If one built a wall around New York," said the Inspector, when speaking about keeping trace of criminals, "one could know the city perfectly and be able to fight with what work came beneath one's nose, but if the search had to be made outside of the walls for an escaped criminal or an accomplice the searchers would be the worst jays one could well imagine. There is never a crime in any town or city that I do not take an interest in and work out mentally to see how, why and when the crime was committed. Thus I know what is going on, and if by any chance any part of the work should fall on me I know immediately what to do, for I have studied the case until I know as much as if I had been working on the ground. People get the idea that detecting is an easy thing and that any one can do it; but in this, as in other walks in life, one must be able to conceive original ideas and be able to work them out. If they try to follow in the footsteps of another they will fail just as sure as death. But it is a great business and my heart is wrapped up in it," concluded the Inspector.

VERY LITTLE CHANCE FOR EX-CONVICTS.

Probably no man of the same income gives more to charity than does Inspector Byrnes. I suppose most people would think it was not charity to give aid to criminals, but criminals are the ones who receive aid from Byrnes's pocketbook. Why does he give them money? To help keep them out of jail as long as possible. As he explained to me, after a thief has served his sentence he is cast out on a world that has no mercy for him. He is branded and no one will employ him. What is he to do? Steal, of course. So when Inspector Byrnes meets these men he says:

"Now I will help you stay out of jail as long as possible. I cannot get you work without giving your history, then no one will employ you, so if you can get work do so by all means, for I am always on your track, and your first misstep sends you back to prison. If you can get no work and are hungry come to me, I will aid you."

And they do come. One man, with the bearing of a gentleman, was, some time ago, on his release from jail, brought before the Inspector.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Inspector.

"I don't know," responded the man despondently. "I don't want to steal, but I can't get work and I won't beg."

"And you think as you haven't many more years to live that you might as well spend them in jail," added the Inspector. The man assented. "Don't steal, because I am on your track and will have to send you up, and it's hard that you should die in prison. You should be spending your remaining days, which are few, in preparing for death."

The tears rolled down the old thief's cheeks. He went out with enough money to keep him for a few days, with instructions to come back for more when that was gone. He did come back. Not for more money, but to beg the Inspector to get him into some hospital where he might die. The Inspector made all arrangements at a hospital, and when I saw him he had an engagement to meet the thief to take him to the place he sought.

The thief belonged to a good family years ago. He was a reckless, dissipated young man, and gambling caused his downfall. He served his sentence and never regained what he lost. For forty years he has been a thief, and in that time has stolen two or three million dollars. No one in New York knows his real name. To-day he is old, ill, friendless and penniless, and at this time may be lying on a white cot in a hospital, waiting for death to relieve him of this life, with little hopes of a better one. NELLIE BLY.

"BLIND LOVE," a new Novel by WILKIE COLLINS. Opening Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD. Don't Fail to begin with the First Instalment.

Puzzles and Prizes for the Little Folks in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Children's Page.

TO MAKE SOME NEW RECORDS

EVERY "PED" IN THE NINE-DAY STARTS WITH THAT OBJECT.

They Will Meet To-Morrow and Select a Man to Hold Their Share of the Gate Receipts—Robert Payne the Probable One—Billy Myer, the Pugilist, Will Start Them at 10.30 O'Clock To-Morrow.

At 9 o'clock to-morrow morning the forty pedestrians who are to participate in the first 108-hour go-as-you-please race, will meet at the Sea Beach Palace Hotel, Coney Island, and select a gentleman to hold their half of the gate receipts for the nine-day race.

Robert Payne will probably be the man and at the end of each day he will assist in counting the day's tickets and receipts, and will receive one-half of the money in trust for the pedestrians.

By the conditions of the race, 50 per cent. of the receipts will go to those of the pedestrians who run 500 miles or over in the 108 hours. It will be divided according to the position of the men at the finish.

Billy Myer, the sturdy Illinois boy, will start the race at exactly 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning, and the men will run twelve hours each day till July 7.

There will be strong efforts made by George Cartwright, Noremac, Albert, Guerrero, Peter Hegelman and George Connor to beat George Littlewood's record of 89½ miles for the first twelve hours. John Dobler made the best American time for twelve hours, 78¾ miles, in 1880.

The race will be highly interesting from start to finish, for there are many records to work for. Littlewood has the 24-hour record (two days), at 164½ miles; 36 hours, 216¾ miles, and 48 hours, 296½ miles.

Charlie Rowell scored 349¾ miles at the 60th hour, and 430 miles at the 72d hour. No race was ever run beyond this point, and interest centres in the novel nine-day contest.

Noremac holds the American record of 415 miles. Hegelman, Cartwright, Guerrero and Peter Golden all believe these records can be beaten, and each has faith in the idea that he will do it.

The Fourth of July and two Saturdays are included in the nine days of the race, insuring big crowds and the encouragement which the crowds infuse into the runners. Unlike the continuous go-as-you-please, the system of twelve hours on and twelve off the track out of every twenty-four hours, does not reduce the pace to a tramp. The men are forced into a brisk run from 10.30 in the morning till 10.30 at night.

Rowell, in his record-making race, ran an average of nearly six miles an hour, while Littlewood ran in the first twelve hours seven and a half miles an hour, and continued at a five and three-quarter miles gait for thirty-six hours thereafter.

Then, to add to the interest of the occasion, there will be a special short race on the track each evening.

On the evening of Independence Day, a dozen New York newsboys will have a two-mile race for the Richard K. Fox *Police Gazette* championship of New York gold medal.

Fred Carlton, the sprint runner, will run five miles against all comers to-morrow evening, and on the evening of June 30 there will be a five-mile run for the gold medal and championship of the New York Post-Office, by the mail carriers. The medal is now held by Eugene Fliedner, who won it at the Horshoers' Club in Madison Square Garden.

On July 6, Thomas F. De aucey, the champion of America, and Patrick McCarty, the Irish champion, will run five miles for $250 a side and the championship of America.

On the last evening of the main event, July 7, Barney Bailey, the 350 pound freak of the Coney Island Museum, will run a one mile sprint race, for a sweepstakes against all comers weighing in at 250 pounds or over, and three entries have already been made.

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Wretched Marriage Customs and the Baby-Widows of India—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

It Won't Be Too Large Then.
[From Puck.]

Customer—I want to get a uniform made; and say! I want you to make it about three inches bigger every way than I measure.

Tailor—That's a queer order. Want it for some theatrical business, I suppose.

Customer—No, sir; I'm a drum-major, and I want it to wear on parade days.

SAVED FIVE HUMAN LIVES.

DOCK OFFICER JONES'S GOLDEN DEED ON THE SINKING CALIFORNIA.

Special Officer J. T. Jones, of the Rotterdam dock, is lionized to-day over in Jersey City for having saved the lives of a woman and her four children.

A group of men sat around Jones on the dock this morning listening to the story of the rescue and congratulating him on his heroic deed.

In the water near by was a canal-boat floating bottom side up. If it had not been for Jones the woman and children in that boat would have gone under when it was overturned.

But Jones was there, and instead of being dead this morning the mother and her little ones are alive and happy at Steup's Hotel on Exchange Place.

The canal-boat California was in the slip last night with a load of coal. Capt. Al Neilson was busy about the dock. Mrs. Neilson and the children were on the deck of the boat.

The steamship Obdam came up the slip at a lively rate. No signal was given to warn the people on the canal-boat of their danger.

The Obdam, towering like a monster above the small boat, bore rapidly down upon it. The sharp bow crushed into the side of the canal-boat and turned it nearly over. Mrs. Neilson screamed. She could hardly stand on the sloping deck of the boat. The children clung to her skirts and screamed with fright.

Jones saw their danger and sprang onto the boat. He tossed the children like so many balls to men on another canal-boat. He had to work lively for the boat was going down. Jones sprang off with Mrs. Neilson just as the canal-boat gave a lurch and turned over.

There was an affecting scene between Capt. Neilson and his family on the dock. He grasped the hand of the man who had saved the lives of those most dear to him, but he was too much overcome to express the gratitude he felt.

The California is a new boat and is owned by Berman & Whyte, of 55 Broadway. It was loaded with about six hundred and fifty tons of coal. The canal-boat Amazon, loaded with 350 barrels of cement, was sunk.